

The broken wrist (Part 1)

Autor: EM Rosa

Categoría: Ciencia ficción

Publicado el: 17/04/2012

He awoke suddenly, in one breath, feeling of having slept a lot, too. He had mild fatigue memories of a terrible, devastating, almost terminal. My mouth was dry and a huge thirst, hunger also. He had wet his pants but thankfully was able to withstand the urge to defecate. There seemed to be asleep days ...

All of this evaluation hardly took five seconds, then all his senses were activated combat veteran.

He looked for his gun and found the left, next to his leg, touched by the whole body for wounds but found nothing, put on his helmet and kept his head to repair. But all he found were ruins around and silence. While watching the surroundings, the strange and unfamiliar environment, he tried to recall, to rummage in his mind the background of your situation. But there was nothing he could not remember how he got there, it seemed as if his short-term memory had been extinguished. Once convinced of the absence of danger was getting up slowly, keeping your back hunched. So she slid slowly across the field, advancing inch by inch, looking for any movement, the slightest sound. But the silence and stillness was all around him and that puzzled him. He entered the army at eighteen, when his country was at war for three years. He was twenty and was a true survivor, a fighter and an outstanding expert murderer. The murder had become commonplace, everyday and necessary. There was recently promoted to captain and saw the death of their own and others' as the movements required of a party of some macabre game where only the consummation of the target matter. His soul had died long since but who could blame him?. At the time when a young man usually seeks early work experiences, he was killing to survive. When it should be in love, thinking of children and family, a home, winters in the warmth of the logs, he was killing to survive. Thus the war became his life and did not know that, elsewhere, had no future, no place, that after the war would be a casualty, just continue breathing.

Baffled him most was the silence. He was accustomed to the bodies, the corrupted flesh, the ruins, the groans of the wounded and dying, explosions of gunfire and bombs, the stench of burning flesh, the screams, the pleas for help ... That was his element, but it puzzled him. The demolition caused by the artillery had done a great job on the spot, watching all this as it moved through the field, and had made a large crop losses. All those

killed were enemies and that he tore a cynical smile and youthful face, that face of skin soiled and dirty, ruined by years of mud and blood. His camouflage uniform was in tatters and mentally thanked be in summer or at least, to make heat, otherwise the little fabric standing would surely die of cold. His left ankle statutory much to be desired and left a small hole was beginning to form. Then inspect a dead body for better clothes.

But then, not now was the time.

Automatic rifle carried in the magazine plus one half intact in the belt, which was not much since, obviously, was right in enemy territory. He did not have grenades or any communication element, the apparatus hanging from the leather belt was not strictly speaking a radio and not even know what it was, he would see. It was also the risk of coming under fire himself at any time since the artillery of their own could continue the bombing. Of course if you were unaware of the signs of life prevailing in the place would be absolutely unnecessary, there seemed nothing to breathe, or a rat, the devastation was total.

At that moment he heard the noise.

It was small, almost noiseless, but to a trained ear like he was a huge uproar. Aiming to place of origin of the sound and burst into land was all one, an efficient and elegant ballet movement. He stood motionless, inert, but tense and expectant, millimeter sweeping the area in question with a view of the rifle. Nothing moved and the noise was repeated. He sat up slowly by offering the lowest possible target, his eyes wild sweeping all four sides. Moved slowly toward the place in question, the entry of a dwelling that barely kept some walls and a small part of the roof in precarious balance. Joined with the gun ready, ready to open fire at the slightest movement.

But nothing happened.

He drove inside the ruined building inspecting every square meter treated, always keep your back against a wall. The shelter of a roof portion which was still found instead a blanket filled with dirt and bloodied, a makeshift bed, and some canned food remains clearly belonging to the enemy. He rummaged around the barrel of the gun and hit the bed with the back of the hand.

It was still slightly warm.

This was sure, belonged to a soldier, if so would not be alive. Also a man minimally trained such evidence would not let the free observation or two seconds. Still did not know what or who he was and had to be careful. He left the ruined building with more stealth and care when he entered ...

And then he saw her.

She stood before him within eight feet, defying all fine and trained senses, had managed to get too close. He was extremely dirty and skinny. Her deep dark eyes dark circles marked up with tremendous contrasted against the intense pallor of the skin of the face. Her hair was a shapeless mass around his head in all directions, his arms and legs in the bones, the ribs in low relief. Only his direct gaze, deep and fearless, had life, radiating an energy that the rest of his body did not reply at all. He wore a tattered rag doll hanging from his left hand, his head hanging a thin lint alarmingly.

His first reaction was to lift the gun and shoot but who knows why, barely restrained his instinct murderer.

They stood there, petrified, staring at each other. He thought he could take between seven

and eleven but in his war years had seen human beings so deteriorated that despite having a couple of decades seemed young children, by malnutrition, by wear, with bitterness. It was she who took the lead and slowly began to close the gap. He raised his rifle and tightened his finger on the trigger, now shoot, one step further and ...

Publicado bajo licencia [Creative Commons BY-NC-ND](#)

Enlace original del relato: [ir al relato](#)

Otros relatos del mismo autor: [EM Rosa](#)

Más relatos de la categoría: [Ciencia ficción](#)

Muchos más relatos en: [cortorelatos.com](#)